DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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THE SOURCE OF TWO RIVERS.

Colonel Grey, of British Columbia, who spent some months, a few years ago, in exploring the Stikine River, which forms the southern boundary of the narrow strip of Alaska, that separates the most northern part of British Columbia from the Pacific coast, thus describes its source which is also that of the Mackenzie River. "The next morning we crossed the 'divide' in its small grove of stunted pines. The descent either way is so small as to be imperceptible. The bottom for a mile or so to the northward and westward is through a bed of boulders and rolling stones, with little or no herbage. The valley between the ranges of the mountains on the east and west at this point is probably between twelve and fourteen miles wide, showing all the traces of having been at one time the bed of a great lake. At present it is covered with a growth of soft wood, poplar and birch. A little to the southward of the stunted pine grove is a morass, apparently of several acres, extending upward toward the base of the mountains on the west. Little streams trickle out of the morass, descending toward the valley. The eye would detect no striking difference in the direction of their courses, but as they descend and increase in volume almost imperceptibly, one turns off to the north and left, runs with winding turns into little swamps, thence into Deore Lake and River, and so on to the Mackenzie and the Arctic, the other turns with similar windings toward the south, swells in its volume, becomes the Stikine and winds its way into the Pacific Ocean."

THE SOURCE OF THE STIKINE.

SUMMIT WHERE THE WATERS DIVIDE—ON ONE SIDE TO THE ARCTIC, ON THE OTHER TO THE PACIFIC.

Very often have this and similar facts been used to illustrate the course of life. There are comparatively few men who have descended to the depths of degradation who could tell exactly when and where the first downward step was taken; and it may have been that, for many days, they have departed slowly and gradually from the things that are good, led only by their own feelings and inclinations until, suddenly, they awoke to the fact that the frozen Arctic is close at hand. Equally gradual may be in other cases the development of a good and holy character, each day teaching its lessons, each trouble and difficulty overcome, making stronger and brighter the character. On the direction first given the thoughts of the young largely depends their future welfare. Thus the responsibility of elders whose actions the younger ones naturally copy is very great and the final results of the greatest importance.

ONE VOTE FATAL.

I know a merchant who was selling a good many goods to the leading hotel in the town, and who was one day approached by the landlord (who was a personal friend) and asked to sign a petition for license to sell liquor, but told his friend that his obligations to the church and to society made it impossible to comply with his request. His friend the landlord was quite indignant, and thought because of buying his supplies of his neighbor that he should help him by signing his application, especially as he proposed to keep intoxicating drinks for the guests of the hotel only. But it made no difference, and he had to go away with his application without the merchant's signature. After a few days, he resumed trading with his friend as if nothing had happened; but it was only a short time before he gave up the hotel business entirely.

I will now mention an occurrence that is most instructive as well as saddening on this subject. In the western part of New York State there is a town that for years voted no license on the temperance question, and so there was no saloon or place where liquor was sold by the glass in the place. Just before the day on which the vote was to be taken the leading merchant in the place—who was an active church member—was approached by the leading hotel proprietor, who asked him to vote for license; telling him that unless he did so vote, his trade, amounting to over $1,500 per annum, would be withdrawn from his store. The merchant thought over the matter, and feeling sure that the majority would be so large against license that his vote would make no difference in the result, yielded to the temptation, and for the first time in his life voted for license, but was astounded to find that the canvass showed just one majority for license. His condemnation and shame were overpowering, but he kept the trade of his hotel customer. Before the next occasion to vote on the license question his only son had become a patron of the hotel bar-room, and in a year or two filled a drunkard's grave, while his father died of a broken heart because of the consciousness that his own act and sacrifice of principle had provided the means for his son's destruction.

Merchants who follow Christ seem to be indisposed to say a word against any sin that will displease their customers, and in this way, I think, cause a feeling of mistrust and disgust to arise in the minds of those who watch for the manifestation of the influence of religion over its professors. If we should stand up for God under all circumstances, I believe our business success would be very much greater, while the influence of the church and religious teachings would be increased tenfold.

Be not conformed to the world.—*N. Y. Witness.*

'I CAN TRUST.'

"I am very weak," said an Irishman in the Adelaide Hospital.

"But what are your hopes?" was the reply.

"Brighter than ever," he whispered. "I am too weak to talk, and I am too weak to pray, but I can trust every moment."

A few hours after he said to the night nurse, "I'm going home;" and then he fell asleep, and he did not wake again on earth. When his eyes were opened it was to see the Lord Jesus as He is!—*Word and Work.*

HANNAH MORE says that there is one single fact that one may oppose to all the wit and argument of infidelity, that no man ever repented of Christianity on his death-bed.

Temperance Department.

HARD CIDER.

What ails that man? He walks with a swagger
So very pronounced it is almost a stagger;
Now, that he is tipsy don't ever be thinking,
For how can that be when he's only been drinking
Hard cider.

What makes him so sullen, so savage and cross,
And for words of profanity ne'er at a loss?
What makes his breath so offensive and strong?
He doesn't drink anything all the day long
But hard cider?

What makes his face such a cardinal red?—
Suggesting the thought that he ought to be bled;
His eyes look exactly like ripe melon seeds,
And to cure all these ailments it must be he needs
More hard cider.

He never degrades himself drinking "old rye,"
But guzzles his cider at home—on the sly—
Complacently thinking that nobody knows,
And forgetting his face is an index which shows
The hard cider.

SAVE THE CHILDREN FROM BEER.

If beer is a wholesome drink, why not give it to the children? If they see their fathers take it, they will be ready enough for a share. If they see their mothers take it, they will think it good, and want some too. And they will be sure to get it. Very few drinking mothers will refuse a sup to their children.

If they do not learn fast enough in this way, the saloon-keeper will lend a hand. Send your boy of an errand to a grocery where they keep ale, and they will not scruple to give him a drink slyly. Many a drunkard has been made in this way. It is also given to children more openly. In passing down Fulton street on a fine day last summer, you might have seen a large excursion waggon filled with children, who were being treated to lager-beer before starting.

In Milwaukee, we are told that certain Sunday-schools hold their annual picnics in lager-beer gardens. In New York City the same thing has been done, once at least, the proprietors giving the Sunday-school the use of their park, and a bonus of $50.00. They provided no water, but plenty of beer at low rates. So attractive did this prove, that many of the older ones remained for the evening, and at midnight over one hundred young men were drunk. This pleased these park proprietors so well that they offered their grounds to another and a larger Sunday-school, with a bonus of $150.00, but public opinion did not sustain the movement.

We are told that in England the children at most Sunday-school festivals have their glass of beer furnished as a part of the entertainment. In one district there a shrewd liquor-seller has offered to make an arrangement with the public school teachers to give a glass of beer every day as a reward to the scholars who stood at the head of their classes. All these facts show that the brewers are alert and active; and the Yankees will not be behind the English. We must offset them. If you wish to know how they are succeeding, learn that beer is the favorite drink of the street Arab, and then go to the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island and learn that 350, or over one-third of the whole number, are under twenty years of age.

If you wish to know how well they are succeeding with your own children, and the youth of our Sunday-schools, let any speaker take the latter unawares, some time when he is getting them to show hands in answer to various temperance questions, saying that there is another question they may answer to themselves and to God, and that is whether any of them can say they have never drunk a glass of beer. They should not be asked to tell who has or who has not, but it should be made as solemn as possible, and they should be shown that the one who has done that, has taken the first step toward becoming a drunkard. Let the consciences of the guilty condemn them silently, and you will see a show of guilty faces that will convince you of the urgent necessity of making special efforts to save all the children from beer.—*Union Handbill.*

TEETOTAL FISHERMEN.

Mr. R. Tindale, J. P., of Fraserburg, Scotland, tells a remarkable story of a great advance in temperance principles among Scotch fishermen. He says: On the north-east coast of Scotland there are numerous villages with a population of from 400 to 1,400 inhabitants, entirely composed of fishermen and their families, a hardy, industrious and intelligent class of people. Thirty years ago those villages were cursed with drunkenness and its attendant evils, along with the usual complement of public-houses. The great bulk of the adult male population were more or less addicted to drink, many of them being confirmed drunkards. A very general belief prevailed amongst them that strong drink was absolutely necessary to the performance of their work, which is of the most trying and exhausting nature. It may, indeed, be fairly admitted that if stimulants are necessary under any circumstances for the endurance of severe toil, fishermen might justly claim the indulgence; but a remarkable change has taken place in the habits and conditions of life in many of those villages. In some intemperance is now scarcely heard of; with few exceptions, the whole population are teetotalers. Public-houses have disappeared, breaches of the peace are almost unknown, whilst the general comfort, morality, and happiness of the people are immeasurably increased. At one time in the prosecution of the fishing, scarcely a boat would have gone to sea, even for a single night's fishing, without a supply of intoxicating liquor. Now the exceptions are on the other side; in the coldest and stormiest seasons of the year crews of six and eight men go regularly to sea in open boats to the distance of 40 or 50 miles to prosecute the fishing for three or four days and nights on end without a single drop of spirituous liquors on board, but well supplied with tea and coffee. By the practice of total abstinence, and the removal of temptation in the form of public-houses, there has been in some instances the almost entire suppression of intemperance. I could name a village with a population of about 800, having formerly two public-houses, with the usual and corresponding amount of intemperance. But for several years past there has not been a single licensed house within less than two miles of the village, the proprietor, it is understood, being opposed to granting permission of any public-house on his estate; and so far from any want being felt on the part of the people, they would resist to a man any attempt to introduce so great a calamity. In the village there is not, with the exception of one lunatic, a single pauper, and consequently no poor's rates. I could by way of contrast name another fishing village with a population of about 400; but within a distance of half a mile there are 20 licensed houses, and, as might be expected, a very different state of things is to be found. Breaches of the peace are not unfrequent, and 5 per cent of the population are on the poor's roll; the only assignable cause of difference between the two villages, situated within five miles of each other, being their relative position to public-houses. In the case of the first-named village the removal or suppression of the public-houses has completed and rendered permanent the temperance reformation, whereas in respect to the other, notwithstanding the same amount of temperance teaching, and other appliances, followed at times by partial improvement, there has in consequence of the number and nearness of licensed houses, been no real progress, and intemperance prevails to the same extent as before. The great industry all along the Scottish seaboard is the herring fishery, of which Fraserburg is now the chief centre. The fishing is prosecuted there during the months of July, August, and September, when the normal population of the town is raised from 6,000 to about 16,000 inhabitants. From 700 to 800 boats are employed in the fishing, manned by nearly 5,000 men and boys; in the cure of the fish on shore upward of 3,000 hands are employed. At one time it was the practice of fish-curers, and formed part of the agreement with their fishermen, to supply them with so much whiskey, from one gallon and upward to each boat per week, or nine gallons for the season of eight weeks; this liquor was consumed at sea. In addition to this, the curing staff on shore had a regular allowance of three glasses each per day served out morning, noon, and night, which, altogether, for such a port as Fraserburgh, with its present extent of fishing, would be equivalent to a consumption of 12,000 gallons, representing a money value of about £10,000; and this for one single station for eight weeks' fishing. But for several years past those customs have been discontinued, the fishermen preferring a money payment in lieu of liquor, and using as a beverage at sea tea and coffee in place of spirits; whilst on shore the fish-curers have found that in the busiest seasons, when owing to heavy fishings setting in days and nights of continuous labor are required, to serve their employees with tea and coffee is in every respect preferable to ardent spirits. These facts, I think, speak for themselves, and go to show that public-houses may be greatly reduced in number, if not entirely suppressed, with advantage to the country. My remarks apply equally to the fishing population of Morayshire and Banffshire.—*Alliance News.*

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

I saw in the cars the other day a man about fifty years old. He had a scowl on his face which seemed to say that something was going wrong inside; and he had a split shoe and a cane which told of gout—a disease which sometimes comes on people who indulge too much in eating and drinking—and he had a red nose which also told tales of the drink.

As I sat and looked at him I said to myself. When that man was a boy he wanted everything good that was on the table. If his mother tried to control him he did not obey, or perhaps he had no kind mother to restrain him as you have. Probably he stuffed himself at every meal and ate between meals in the bargain. He liked brandy-peaches and wine-sauces, and cider and wine to drink whenever he could get them. And when he became a young man the most he cared for was to "cut a swell," and smoke cigars, and have good dinners, and attend wine-parties, and bet on fast horses. He never stopped to ask if all this would bring a happy old age; and now old age has come upon him long before his time and he is very miserable. He would be willing to give up the enjoyment of all the selfish eating if he could have the health and strength he ought to have at his age. But it is too late now; he chose self-indulgence and now he must take the consequences.

Then I thought of Uncle Harry, who never drank liquors or used tobacco, and he says he feels just as well and strong and happy as he did when he was a boy. He thinks there is but one material difference; he is not quite so spry as he was then. He is so pleasant and cheerful, all the boys love him and all the girls too.

Now, boys, which do you admire the most? Which will you copy after? Now is your time to choose.

WINE AND STRENGTH.

Mr. Gleig, in his work on Afghanistan, says: "In Jellalabad there were no spirits; the consequence was that during the continuance of the siege there was no crime, no sickness." Captain Head says that when he entered on his travels in South America, crossing and re-crossing the Pampas, he was quite unequal to the needful labor until he gave up his wine, and confined himself to water and plain food as his diet, and that soon after he could tire out many horses in his equestrian journeys. Dr. Hitchcock, who was called to make a geological survey of Massachusetts, which subjected him for weeks to severe bodily exertion, says that although he drank not one drop of alcohol he was more capable of exertion and fatigue than in former years when he used stimulating drinks. Mr. Fairbairn, of Manchester, who was at the head of a firm employing between one and two thousand workmen, says: "In general, the men who drink water are really more active, and do more work, and are more healthy than the workmen who use fermented liquors."

Even the medical men who, in the *Contemporary Review*, lately endeavored to vindicate the propriety of the moderate use of alcohol, made admission, as we showed at the time, which cut the ground from beneath their own feet. Dr. Bernays says: "When I have any work to do, which is the case from Monday to Saturday, I find abstinence from alcoholic drinks my best guide." Dr. Brunton, writing in the same periodical, says: "They who eat well and sleep well are better without alcohol than with it." And Sir W. Gull says: "The constant use of alcohol in moderate measure may injure the nerve tissues, and be deleterious to health, and one of the commonest things in society is that people are injured by drink without being drunkards."—*League Journal.*

WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

An Ohio correspondent of the *Tennessee Good Templar* gives the following sad illustration of the wages of sin:

The most hopeless feature of intemperance is that it stupefies its victims to any convictions or fears of their own future. Forty years ago I noted down ten drinkers, six young men and four boys. I saw the boys drink beer and buy cigars in what was then called a "grocery" or "doggery." I expressed my disapprobation, and the seller gave a coarse reply. He continued the business, and in fifteen years he died of *delirium tremens*, leaving not five dollars.

I never lost sight of these ten, only as the clods of the valley hid their bodies from human vision. Of the six young men, one died of *delirium tremens* and one in a drunken fit; two died of diseases produced by their excesses, before they reached the meridian of life; two of them left families not provided for, and two sons are drunkards. Of the two remaining, one is a miserable wreck and the other a drinker in somewhat better condition.

Of the four boys, one, who had a good mother, grew up a sober man; one was killed by a club in a drunken broil; one has served two terms in the penitentiary, and one has drunk himself into an inoffensive dolt, whose family has to provide for him.

THE TOBACCO EVIL.—Mrs. Dr. Lozier, of this city, gives a timely note of warning against the increasingly prevalent and insidious evil of tobacco. As the result of extended professional experience and observation, she affirms that the families of those who use tobacco are more subject to the class of diseases termed "nervous" than are those of non-users; that she recalls a great number of instances in which the continual suffering of women and children from headache and feeble circulation was attributable to tobacco smoke; that thousands of children are dwarfed intellectually, morally, and physically, if not murdered outright, by fathers or brothers, or some friend who poisons the air with nicotine. She says: "A few days since, a lovely young widow, almost stolid with grief, called upon me. Two years ago she married a promising young man with but one vice—that of smoking. He thought himself temperate, for he never smoked during business hours—only at home. Coming home at evening weary, he spent the hours in their own room, and soothed his excited nerves with cigar after cigar. One evening his wife took the babe and went downstairs to make a call. On her return in about half an hour she found him dead. He had never been ill, and the doctors said it was "heart disease." We think that the nicotine had so stilled the arterial circulation that the muscular tissues of the heart failed to propel the blood, and a clot formed, causing fainting and death."—*National Temperance Advocate.*

"WHAT, DRINK MY HEALTH?"—Lord Palmerston at a civic dinner, in one of his facetious moods, said, "What! drink my health? Why, gentlemen, my health is very good. What ever do you mean by wishing to drink my health? To drink health!—how strange! What ever do my friends mean?"—*Band of Hope Review.*

THE PAPERS LAST WEEK reported the serious burning of a little boy in Concord, N. H., and of a young lady in Westerly, R. I., from having their clothes set on fire by cigar stubs thrown upon the sidewalk by careless smokers. The aggravation of the case is only increased by reflecting that it couldn't have been the smokers themselves who were burned.

Agricultural Department.

ENGLISH FARMING.

The series of bad seasons, which have to a large extent brought about the present distressed condition of English agricultural industries, are not the only obstacles in the way of the present generation of English farmers competing, even on equal footing, with their American cousins. The annual rent paid by the English farmer would purchase much more fertile wheat soil in the wheat belt of the west. Moreover, most of the labor with us being done by improved machinery, the cost of production is much less, enabling the grower to land sound wheat on the docks of Liverpool at $1.12 a bushel, at a handsome profit both to the farmer and the merchant. Again on account of the heavy rents for the land, and the many other incidental expenses, beef raised on English farms cannot be sold at any profit to the farmer for less than sixteen cents a pound. On the contrary, the American cattle-raiser of the south-west pays a trifle for his ranch, and is under no extra expense for wintering his stock, so that beef raised in this way can be put in the English markets for ten or twelve cents a pound, with a liberal profit to the owner and the shipper. Unless the signs are greatly at fault, where there is one person now engaged in raising beef for foreign shipments, there will be ten times as many five years hence. American cheese has already forced hundreds of English farmers from cheese-making to raising milk for the London and other large markets, and the business is now so crowded that the price of fresh milk is a third less than it was before American cheese became so popular among English consumers.

In travelling among well-to-do English farmers the past summer, I was surprised to note the lack of economy and the amount of land that is wasted on hundreds of farms by those wide ditches and straggling and unkept hedges which are used as boundaries of small and irregular-shaped fields, the latter, owing to the shape, calling for much extra labor in cultivating them. Another very noticeable feature is the large, heavy and cumbersome character of the farm implements. American manufacturers of farm tools shape them in such a way as to do the work with the least physical labor. The English manufacturer, on the other hand, has a pride in making everything substantial, heavy and solid, without any regard to the weight or strength needed. Why, there is more wood and iron in an English farm-cart than would make two American carts, and yet with their superb roads they load theirs no heavier than we do ours. An English manure fork is of the same size and pattern it was half a century ago—a square, rough tine shouldered near the point—calling for the greatest amount of force in loading or unloading. The American fork is a round polished tine, tapering gradually from the point to the base, and calling for the least power. The weight of an English plow is at least three times that of ours, and its length about twice, and yet it takes neither wider nor deeper furrow-slices that our best plows. In fact, one pair of horses attached to one of our best pattern plows will do from a third to a half more work in the same number of hours than an English farmer with his long, unwieldy pattern that is out of all proportion, both in length and weight, to the work it is intended for. The same is true of the English harrows, cultivators and all of the implements I found in common use for turning or cultivating the soil. The ordinary wooden hand-rake is a clumsy, heavy thing, having from a third to a half more wood than is actually necessary. In many instances, in going through England, I have counted eight and ten hands gathering hay into windrows with these hand-rakes, an operation very seldom, if ever, seen now in the United States. In many of the agricultural districts which I visited, farmers cultivating from forty to a hundred acres of land still continue to cut their grain crops with the reaping hook and cradle. The English cradle has a scythe blade of ordinary size and length, with two short wooden fingers. The man cutting with this cradle throws the cut grain around against the uncut standing grain. Another man follows the cradler, equipped with a piece of stick about three feet in length with an iron hook on the end of it, and gathers the cut grain into sheafs and places them on the stubble before the next swath can be cut. The American, or what is commonly called the "Yankee," cradle has a wide scythe-blade similar in size and length to the English, but instead of two short fingers it has four long ones, and the operator cuts the grain, which falls on the fingers and which is thrown into a sheaf on the stubble entirely out of the way of the next cradler who follows, leaving the cut grain ready to be bound, one man with us doing the work of two in England. In talking on the subject with an intelligent farmer in Essex County, England, I had difficulty in convincing him that the long fingers of the "Yankee" cradle would not or could not get tangled up in the straw, nor could I induce him to send and get an American cradle, although he was complaining of the high price of farm labor when compared with the low price of farm produce.

In rambling through the agricultural districts I had many favorable opportunities of making personal inspection of the tools and farm machinery of some of the best equipped farms, and in every instance they all had the same character—that is, the tools were out of proportion for the work to be done, or the weight or strength needed. The English farmers in many respects remind one of the implements and farm machinery they use. They are, as a rule, solid, substantial and easy-going. They have taken the world and its affairs in an easy, matter-of-fact way.

English farmers take little interest in matters outside of their own business. They are extremely conservative and are perfectly satisfied with their home form of government, no matter whether they are rich or poor. Up to five years ago they made money enough to pay their obligations and live comfortably, and they had enough left over to lay some aside for future use. It is natural, therefore, with labor plenty and cheap, that they should plod along in the footsteps of their grandfathers. They do not devote much of their time to agricultural literature (the agricultural journals are poorly supported), or bother their heads over scientific farming. They grow the same crops in precisely the same way their fathers did before them, calculating to get about the same yield and profits. The character and results of the wonderful agricultural experiments of John B. Lawes, LL. D., of Rothamsted, are more widely read and better understood in the United States than they are among the English farmers. They have for the last five years been losing money, and for some time they could not realize that such a condition of things could ever come to pass. But the combined force of bad weather and active American competition has all but driven many into a state of bankruptcy and bewilderment. They are thoroughly frightened, and they have very substantial reasons for being so. Their present condition is bad enough, and their prospects gloomy.

As long ago as 1862, Horace Greeley told me that the time was near at hand when American farmers, with the aid of improved modern labor-saving machinery, could and would place a bushel of American wheat in the English markets at a lower figure than it could be raised by the present methods followed in England, and, moreover, with a fair profit to the grower. The realization of this fact now stares our conservative cousins in the face. The introduction of American cheese, beef, and pork has been accomplished in such quantities and at such prices as to make these branches of industry equally unprofitable. The rot in the potato has been so general for the past five years that there has been less reliance on that crop, and less surface planted this year than usual, and there is no doubt that large quantities of American potatoes will find their way into the English markets during this fall and winter. As yet there has been no outside competition in barley; and it is the only crop that has not been affected, and many farmers intend to sow next year twice the surface heretofore allotted to it.

It is safe and certainly within bounds to say that American farmers, with their labor-saving machinery, can raise produce at a third less expense than English farmers can with their clumsy methods. It is also evident that within the next five years large numbers of English farmers will be forced to emigrate to Australia and the United States. The fact is that agriculture in England, once a prominent and vital interest, has now fallen to a third or fourth place. Even the London *Times*, once the champion of this industry, now hardly recognizes its existence, and will devote more space in its columns in one week to a boat-race between Oxford and Cambridge students that it will in two years to agricultural interests.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

HABIT IN EATING.

Domestic fowls, in their oftentimes narrow limits of confinement, do not enjoy the opportunity to indulge the natural habit of the poultry race in the matter of eating the food given them. Many considerate poultry-keepers we know endeavor to approach, as nearly as may be convenient, to the better modes of feeding, and furnish a varied supply of provender to their fowl stock, so as to approximate to the requirements nature demands for the best comfort of their fowls, artificially cared for.

But the wild fowl in his native forest—as well as the domesticated bird, if he have ample range—forages over a wide extent of feeding-ground. He picks up and devours the grains, buds, berries, leaves, insects, grass-blades, &c., leisurely, and never crams himself or overfeeds.

Thus his habit of eating is a healthy process. He eats slowly, and his food has time to digest well as it passes through the digestive organs. Such fowls (so allowed to feed) are rarely or never ill. For to free digestion may be attributed very much of the good condition and regular health enjoyed by the wild birds, or the tame ones at liberty.

For these cogent reasons, as we have often advised our readers heretofore, in the *Poultry World*, we again suggest that fowls kept in confinement should not only be supplied with plenty of food at proper intervals, but it should be varied—green and dry, raw and cooked, of vegetables and grains. It should be so dealt out to them that the birds will not gobble it down by the handful, to satisfy their craving, and so help to disorganize their digestive powers.

Chickens and young fowls should especially be fed often, in such a manner as that they will have no inclination to gorge themselves. There is a great deal in providing wholesome, proper food for fowls; but there is also much in the manner of feeding it, and the habit of birds in eating such food.

Give them what they will eat up clean only at a time. Never permit them to get voraciously hungry, and we shall rarely be troubled with indigestion among the flocks, which is one of the prime sources from which spring subsequent disease and great fatality in the fowl-yard, when the real cause of such disasters is not appreciated, but is innocently and ignorantly attributed to any and every other sort of ailment, accident, or suppositious agency.—*Poultry World.*

TOMATOES.

The tomato has greatly improved in size, smoothness, and quality within our recollection. It has also changed from a mere ornament, like some other Solanums, to an article of necessity and general use in this country, while it is working its way steadily but surely to favor all over the civilized world. In a cool, moist climate, like England and Scotland, the tomato ripens in the open ground only under the most favorable circumstances and seems to require about such treatment as the peach. Tomatoes are, therefore, grown in houses, like foreign grapes, trained to the rafters. Those who have had no experience can scarcely realize how large a plant the tomato will make when a little pains is taken in giving it plenty of nutriment and proper training. Once we trained one to the side of a building, and it covered a space sixteen by twenty feet, and had several hundreds of ripe fruit at one time. It seemed a marvel to many, and we had plenty of applications for seeds, on the supposition that it was a new and improved variety.

Some years since we sent the Hathaway Excelsior tomato to England, and it has proved for many years the most popular variety in that country. From it, by some freak of Nature, was produced a kind called Green Gage, yellow, oblong, small, but rich and productive—too small for market purposes here. Later we sent a new variety, which we had named, and which received a first-class certificate from the Royal Horticultural Society. Our friends in England named it Vick's Criterion. This, too, has become a leading and popular sort and, it is claimed, excels all others for forcing. From this Richard Nisbet, a gardener at Aswarby Park, has produced a variety called Nisbet's Victoria, which is said to excel all others for fruitfulness. The fruit is oval, less than two inches by two and a half in diameter, growing in bunches and each bunch containing from eight to twenty specimens, of the size and color of a Victoria plum. It contains but few seeds and for flavor is unsurpassed. The original plant covered a space fifteen feet by six, and had upon it at one time 600 bunches of fruit, as many more having been gathered during the summer. —*Vick's Illustrated Weekly.*

DOMESTIC.

JELLY CAKE.—Three eggs, half cup butter, one cup sugar, one cup milk, three cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder. Bake in thin layers and spread any kind of jelly between; currant is best.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Make the cake as for cocoanut cake. Flavor well with vanilla. For paste, grate one-half a cake of baker's sweet chocolate, one-half cup of milk, yolk of one egg, one teaspoon of vanilla, one cup sugar, boil until stiff like jelly, when nearly cool spread between the cakes; the paste should be made first.

CUSTARD CAKE.—One egg, one cup sugar, three-fourths cup milk, one and one-half cups flour, three teaspoons baking powder, butter size of an egg; bake in layers. Custard.—One and one-fourth cups milk, one teaspoon flour, and two of corn-starch, one egg, pinch of salt, sweeten to taste, make quite sweet, flavor highly with vanilla. Must be made first and cooled before putting between the cakes.

ORANGE TART.—Grate the yellow of one orange, squeeze out the juice, being careful to avoid the seeds, the juice and yellow of half a lemon, fourth of a pound of sugar, two ounces of butter, carefully melted, two eggs, leaving out the whites of one; heat well; stir all together, line a tart-tin, or patty-pans with thin-paste, fill and bake fifteen or twenty minutes.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Whip sweetened and flavored cream; put it into a plain mould lined with lady-fingers, or thin slices of sponge-cake, and let it stand three or four hours in a very cold place. To turn it from the mould, select a dish, the rim of which will fit outside the edges of the mould; turn the dish over the mould, and holding it firmly over it, quickly turn over both dish and mould, so that the mould rests upside-down on the dish; the mould may then be carefully lifted, and the Charlotte will remain on the dish.

CREAM WAFERS.—Warm quarter of a pound of butter without oiling it; work into it five eggs, one at a time; then add quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, quarter of a pound of sifted flour, and a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, mixing all these ingredients to a smooth paste. Heat a wafer-iron, put in a spoonful of the paste, close the iron, bake the wafer, and trim off its edges before opening the iron; then open the iron and quickly roll the wafer in the form of a cone. When all the wafers are cooked, fill them with whipped cream, arrange them on a napkin, and serve them.

HOW TO COOK RICE.—A recent traveller in Japan says: "They know how to cook rice here, and for the benefit of grocers and consumers in the United States I investigated the matter. Only just enough cold water is poured on to prevent the rice from burning to the pot, which has a close-fitting cover and is set on a moderate fire. The rice is steamed, rather than boiled, until it is nearly done; then the cover of the pot is taken off, the surplus steam and moisture are allowed to escape, and the rice turns out a mass of snow-white kernels, each separate from the other, and as much superior to the soggy mass we usually get in the United States as a fine mealy potato is to the water-soaked article. I have seen something approaching this in our Southern States, but I do not think even there they do it as skilfully as it is done here, and in the Northern States but very few persons understand how to cook rice properly. I am sure that if cooked as it is here the consumption of this wholesome and delicious cereal would largely increase in America."

THE CAVE OF PAN.

A TALE OF THE THIRD CENTURY.

CHAPTER V.—(*Continued.*)

Astyrius only quitted his sick friend for food and rest, and of the last he had taken as small a portion as was possible. Lucius seemed scarcely to be able to bear him out of his sight: when he was gone, he insisted upon Persis repeating to him again and again the holy words, to which she, too, listened with eagerness; and Persis thus repeating learnt herself to love the Son of God and to believe in Him.

Lucius was now on the high road to recovery, and it was settled that as soon as possible the whole family should be baptized.

Little had Astyrius thought when he came to Cæsarea Philippi, partly to visit his friend, partly to see the town itself, what work God had for him to do. Every spare moment was spent in instructing the children, and his heart was filled with thankfulness as he found in what good soil the holy seed was falling. Never had he been happier in his life than now, for nothing sanctifies or ennobles a friendship more than the fact that it has its foundation in the love of Christ.

CHAP. VI.—PANIC.

"I have never asked you," said Astyrius, as they sat on the terrace looking westward, "wherefore you were so frightened the first night I came, and what made you take me for the god Pan."

The children all looked somewhat ashamed and Persis blushed; indeed, although they had learnt to believe in Christ, their faith was yet in its childhood, and we may doubt whether it might not be almost the work of a life time to shake off the superstitious fears which had been bred up in them. We know that this was one of the difficulties with which the first missionaries had to contend, and that in many cases, finding it impossible to root out the old traditions and myths entirely, they let them remain: thus the heathen names of the days of the week were unaltered, and many a Christian festival was engrafted upon a heathen one. We know, for example, that our Valentine's day was originally a festival in honor of Juno Februata, in which the names of women were put into a box, and from which they were drawn by the men as chance happened to direct. The Christians converted this heathen custom into a habit of writing the names of the saints on slips of paper, drawing for them, and considering the saint whose name was drawn the patron of the drawer for the ensuing year. St. Valentine lived about the time of the present story, and perished in the Diocletian persecution.

"Every one fears the god Pan," said Persis, timidly. "And there are certainly strange things that happen about here. Indeed, I can scarcely believe myself that there is not such a being; though from what you say, he may be more a demon than a god."

"That I can well believe," said the Roman. "A demon he must surely be if he is aught, for our God is not a God of fear but of love. But what are the strange things that you have heard of?"

"See you not the temple of Pan which stands on yonder high cliff?"

"The Grecian temple—yes! But what of that? I have often seen the like in other lands."

"That can scarcely be, noble Astyrius," said Persis, shaking her head gravely. "And much I marvel that you have not before heard of the wonders of this temple. Beneath it there is a cave, with a high, dim roof, so gloomy and dreadful that when we went thither with nurse to sacrifice I trembled with fear at the sight. The cave itself is full of deep, dark water—so deep that none know how far it goes down into the earth, or where the slow black stream travels to. It is a cave of marvels; for the water comes from a pool far away yonder in Lebanon; and there have been those who have thrown chaff in at Phiala—for so is the place called—and it has floated hither."

"So it may be," said Astyrius. "I have heard of still more wondrous things; but I cannot see why that made you take me for Pan."

"SEE YOU NOT THE TEMPLE OF PAN?"

"It is said he haunts this garden," answered Persis, speaking in a low, frightened voice; "and whenever he appears a strange fear seizes upon men, so that they cannot help themselves, but must fly, for he delights to frighten people."

For it is from this very superstition that our word "panic" came; and, strangely enough, even at the present day the inhabitants of the neighborhood of Baneas declare they often see strange sights, and hear strange sounds, and feel terrified without apparent cause, so difficult is it to root out old ideas.

"But that is not the worst of it," said Julia, drawing close to Astyrius: "sometimes they throw some one into the grotto as a sacrifice to Pan, and we do not know whom the god may choose; but it is terrible to think it might be one of ourselves."

"Nay, but this is terrible;" cried Astyrius, horrified, not only as a Christian, but a Roman; for amongst both Greeks and Romans human sacrifices were rare, and much disliked. "Has no one testified against this sin?"

"Where would be the use?" said Rufus. "None but Christians would do so, and they are not strong enough: they would but be sacrificed themselves to the wrath of the people and of the priests."

Thus dealt not St. Paul when he stood up in the midst of Mars' Hill surrounded by the altars of Greece, and cried, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by and beheld your devotions I found an altar with this inscription, 'To the Unknown God.' Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you."

"And did not the people slay him for impiety?" asked Persis.

"Nay; some few mocked and others listened without obeying: but many clave unto him, for "the word of the Lord is powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword."

A wistful look came over Persis' face.

"Oh, that I could believe fully!" she said, earnestly; "or, rather, that I could disbelieve what I have learnt! But if there be indeed no Pan—if the gods of Greece and Rome are no gods, whence is it that men universally believe in them? I have even heard my father say that in Egypt also he is worshipped, and how can I think so many different people and nations should have been misled?"

"They but groped in darkness; but upon us the light shined, and we who can say, "Our Father," need have no fear of these senseless duties. The very Greeks, as thou knowest, have laughed at the gods of Egypt, where even leeks, and garlic, and frogs were held sacred. Dost thou not know the lines—— ?"

But as he was about to repeat them a noise came from the house, and in great haste the old man Pudens hurried into the garden.

CHAP. VII.—PUDENS.

The Centurion and his children were much surprised to find

that, little as Astyrius had been absent from his friend's sick-bed, during that absence he had made a further acquaintance with the elderly man whom they had met on the mountain. He was a Christian, as the Roman senator had discovered. He and his wife Miriam, quite a young woman, were converted Jews, and although poor and despised were steadfast in the Christian faith. The first day of the week after the adventure on Hermon, Astyrius met them again, as under the escort of Marcus he was returning very early in the morning from a cavern amongst the hills, where the true believers met in secret for fear of the heathen, so uncertain was the safety of Christians in those days.

Rough and bare as the interior of the cavern was, yet every care had been taken fittingly to celebrate Divine service, and the Roman senator was rejoiced to find how many followers of our Lord there were to assemble together. It was a very solemn, thrilling service; the torchlight reflected by stalactites which hung from the roof, itself arched and curved and rising to an undistinguishable height. Such a cave on Hermon is said to have been capable of holding 400 men. Kneeling on the damp, rugged stones, were the absorbed congregation, losing sight of everything but the solemn service going on.

Daily did they thus assemble, strengthening themselves for the fiery trial which was coming upon them.

The service was ended soon after daybreak, and cautiously the congregation dispersed to their own homes; as they went, Astyrius recognized Pudens, and with him his pretty, young wife, who led by the hand a boy of about eight years of age. Both parents often regarded this child with a look of grief, and the Roman soon discovered the cause. He stopped to speak to them, and noticed almost immediately that the poor little fellow was imbecile; his face wore a vacant expression, and the words which he was addressing to his mother were quite unintelligible to any other ear.

Miriam saw at once the look of compassion which the senator cast on the lad; as she did so, Pudens recognized Astyrius, and the two Christians greeted one another.

"Little did I think, noble Roman, that I should find in you a fellow-servant in Christ."

"My heart rejoices at finding that even in this terribly heathen place there are so many to bear witness to the faith. How different our use of this temple of nature and that of the heathen at the Pan grotto!" said Astyrius.

Miriam shuddered slightly, and drew the boy's hand closer in her own; both Astyrius and Pudens marked the action. The latter said,—

"My wife has many fears about the grotto, most excellent Roman; she fears that some misfortune will come upon us through it."

THE CHRISTIANS AT WORSHIP.

"The most High has afflicted us, noble stranger," said Miriam sadly; "for this is our only child, and, as you see, he is not quite right in his head, and he doth nothing but haunt the temple, as though drawn thither against his will. Last week he brought thence one of the Pan-pipes, and I fear me if the priests see him evil will befall the child; already they say he hath a devil."

At the sight of his mother, who pointed as she spoke to the white, glistening walls of Pan's temple, which had just come in sight, the idiot's face seemed suddenly wakened up with the light of reason; he snatched his hand from his mother, and picking up a pebble from the ground flung it at the building. It was much too far for his feeble hand to send it, nor indeed could he throw straight, but his mother seized his hand in terror, and shaking her head tried to show the boy that he must not go near the temple. Evidently he understood more than might have been expected, for he began some uncouth gestures, meant to imitate the grotesque figures of Pan which he had seen, whilst with his fingers he pretended to blow on a pipe. These strange antics were followed by a burst of rage, although he scarcely seemed conscious what it was which angered him.

"Thus hath he ever been," said Pudens, sadly. "Before the child's birth, whilst his mother and I were still heathen, she worked for the Governor's lady at the castle. One night as she was returning thence a strange fear seized her; it seemed to her that from the deep shadows of the tides came forth figures, shadowy shapes like those figures in yonder grotto, and from their midst came a sound as of shepherds' pipes, and fearing that it might be great Pan and his nymphs she fled breathless, nor halted till she fell at my feet on our cottage floor. Soon after her son was born, but ever since he could walk he hath been drawn toward this Pan temple, yet with a sort of rage, since he knows, but knows not why, his mother dreads the cave."

"But you do not fear Pan now?" said Astyrius, turning toward Miriam: "you were weary that day, and surely it was but a party of grape-gleaners whom you saw in the dusk?"

"I do not know about that, most excellent Roman," said Miriam, timidly; "they seemed to me no human forms: but what they were I know not, and though I believe not in Pan as a god, yet is my fear of him and his priests still great. Once I was at a sacrifice in the grotto. I was but a young maiden then, and with others I had gone to hang my wreaths up in his temple, and it was the day of the sacrifice. There were lights burning outside the grotto, and they threw strange shadows into the cave, till one could almost fancy there rose up dark forms from the black water. Then the priests drew near and threw in the victim bound hand and foot; his shriek is still in my ears, and the songs which the priests raised to drown them."

(To be continued.)

THE STRAIGHT PATH.

'The Bible is so strict and old-fashioned,' said a young man to a gray-haired friend who was advising him to study God's Word if he would learn how to live. 'There are plenty of books written now-a-days that are moral enough in their teaching, and don't bind one down as the Bible does.'

The old merchant turned to his desk and took out a couple of rulers, one of which was slightly bent. With each of these he ruled a line, and silently handed the ruled paper to his companion.

'Well,' said the lad, 'what do you mean?'

'One line is not straight an true, is it? When you mark o your path in life, *don't use a cro ed ruler!*' H. L. T.

HE WHO MAKES an idol of his interest will make a martyr of his integrity.

The Family Circle.

CHRISTIAN'S CLOCK.

"And Christian made a shrine for the hours the Lord had given him; and from the shrine a golden chain was linked to the great bell at the prayer-gate, and when the bell struck, the angel opened the gate and gave back the answer."

The bell tolls ONE.
Teach me to say,
"Thy will be done."

The bell tolls TWO.
Help me each day
Thy will to do.

The bell tolls THREE.
I ask in Faith
To follow Thee.

The bell tolls FOUR.
I pray for trust
For evermore.

The bell tolls FIVE.
For Christian speech
Help me to strive

The bell tolls SIX.
Teach me my Hope
On Thee to fix.

The bell tolls SEVEN.
Oh, make my life
A way to heaven.

The bell tolls EIGHT.
May I in peace
And patience wait.

The bell tolls NINE.
Let Charity
Be ever mine.

The bell tolls TEN.
I pray for love
To God and men.

It tells ELEVEN.
Let me each hour
Be nearer heaven.

TWELVE strokes I hear!
Now perfect Love
Hath cast out fear.

—*E. Bedell Benjamin.*

THE FATHER'S LESSON.

One Friday afternoon I dropped into a beautiful little town on the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware river. A stranger there, not intending to remain longer than over night, having simply accompanied a friend visiting a relative, for a pleasant waggon-ride, I had no suspicion that I should become a resident. There was a Presbyterian church in the place, long destitute of a pastor and tending to ruin. Suspected of being a minister, as I went about viewing the town, an officer of that church introduced himself, who, together with his Christian wife, urgently solicited me to tarry over and occupy their pulpit on the Sabbath. I was very unwilling. But reflecting that, by disobeying so clear a call of Providence, I might be like the prophet Jonah running away from Nineveh, and perhaps be swallowed by something worse than a whale before reaching my home again, I consented to stay, and spent a delightful Sabbath with that destitute church.

After the evening service I was requested to call at a certain house, and was surprised to find a company of gentlemen, who wished to induce me to become their minister. They most unreservedly described their church as being in a condition simply horrible, such as would have frightened most men from having anything to do with it. Yet as they affectingly declared their church to be like "the man who fell among thieves on the Jericho road," shunned by "priests" and "Levites," who would have no mercy upon her, in a spirit of religious charity alone I determined to take charge for a season, and my one Sabbath lengthened out into years.

Fearful was the task before me. The church was in chaos. Divisions in doctrine, derelictions in duty, unchristian practices, family feuds, personal spites, backbitings, slanderings, gossipings, &c., made her a pandemonium of evils.

The town at large was demoralized. Infidelity, universalism, and a host of vicious sentiments were rampant. Intemperance was so prevalent, that the place might well have been called "Drunkards' Town." With God's help I set myself to bring order out of confusion, and make that moral "wilderness blossom as the rose." It would require a volume to describe my efforts and tactics employed during the first twenty months. Disturbing elements were calmed, animosities cooled, feuds settled. Opposition to orthodox gospel truth became moderate, or entirely silent, and unpleasant circumstances generally were so quieted down, that at length I thought an opportunity had come for making a grand onslaught upon "the kingdom of darkness."

I gave notice of a course of sermons to be delivered—subject, "History of the Redeemed"—which would tend to bring Christians up to full duty, reduce false professors to repentance, and lead sinners to "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world."

One member, Mr. R., was bitterly opposed to doctrinal preaching, courses of sermons, and everything of the revival kind. I heard of his grumblings against my beginning a course of sermons, but knew I was right, and feared nothing. He was our church chorister, and his son, a fine lad of seventeen, played the violincello in the choir, which sat below in the back pews farthest from the pulpit. As the pulpit was at the entrance end of the church, I usually met every one as the people passed out.

After the first sermon of my course, Mr. R., with flushed face, distended nostrils, and heart boiling over with anger, came toward me, but refused my outstretched hand.

"I thought I would ask how long this course of sermons will last," said he. I answered, "I don't know exactly. Perhaps four, five, six, or seven weeks." "Well, sir," said he, "I've got to tell you that you sha'n't have me to hear another one of them. Your sermon of to-day has done more hurt than all your other preaching did good; for it was doing good, and you should have let well-enough alone." "My dear Mr. R.," said I, "this is a free country, you know. I cannot compel you to come and hear me, but you had better come. I think my sermon of to-day was about the best one I have preached in the place. Truth is almighty, and will prevail."

He departed full of rage. I believe my sermon was approved by all others, for the Spirit of the Lord was already working among the people.

True to his word, Mr. R. was not present with us the following Sabbath; nor was his son, whom he constrained to stay at home against his will, and who never played the violincello for us again.

On retiring from the sanctuary that Sabbath, we saw people running in great haste down street, as if something dreadful had occurred. Hailing one of them, I cried, "What is the matter?" He gasped out, "Young Joe R. has shot himself!" and ran on.

Our people followed in the same direction. We saw a crowd in front of a physician's office. I pressed through and entered. There lay the poor boy, our basso-violinist, stretched upon the counter, and the doctor was amputating his arm! "O Mr. M.," said he, as I grasped his other hand to encourage him, "God has done this. I wanted to go to church, but father wouldn't let me."

Not knowing how to pass his time, the lad had entered a little shop, where lay a loaded, old-fashioned, cannon. He attempted to withdraw the charge, when the thing exploded and shattered his arm into pieces! The incident fell on the community like a thunderbolt. The general state of mind was truly expressed to me by Mr. R. himself in the street next day. With flowing tears he said, "This is a judgment from God upon me. I see it clearly. You preached the truth last Sunday, and have always preached the truth. I confess that I am no Christian, although a member of the church, I always felt guilty under your preaching, and my wicked heart has brought me to this. From this day I am your friend. Pray for me and for my poor boy, that both may be saved, after all."

And I did pray for them, and my Christian people prayed for them, and we prayed for others, and the Spirit of the Lord came down with great power, and scores passed from death unto life. And that was a wonderful day when Mr. R. a second time, and his one-armed son for the first time, with seventy-seven others, united as Christians with that once desolate church.

The people of God rejoiced, hypocrites became afraid, scoffers were silent, impenitent ones moved about solemnly, hell trembled, and heaven was filled with joy.—*American Messenger.*

A WEAPON OF SONG.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.

There was a new servant in the family. An elderly person with a firm step, an active, cunning hand for all needful service, and a sharp, searching eye, that seemed to look at once into the very secret of tangles and perplexing combinations. In a general way Harry Northway liked Mrs. Jane. She was always ready to assist him in getting off to school, and in hunting up his stray articles of clothing, and she never failed to have ready for him, on his return in the afternoon, a comforting luncheon of milk and nut-cakes, and a warm sweet potato, Harry's especial fancy.

Mrs. Jane had a fashion of singing as she went about her work. Harry's mother did not object to this. Mrs. Jane had asked about it when she engaged.

"Some folks can work better and faster if they sing," she said, "and I'm one of them. My songs are mostly spiritual songs, and I'll promise you they won't hurt no child's manners."

And Mrs. Northway, who was a sad little person who had seen much sorrow and brooded over it more than was for her good, had answered with a sigh, "No, Jane, sing if you will. I don't object. But have you seen no sorrow in all your life, that you should care to be singing all the time?"

And Jane replied, "I have seen sorrow, Mrs. Northway, such as I hope few mothers have seen; and my heart is sad and sore enough. Yet what am I, to cast black looks in the face of my Father, who only chastens in tenderest love, and who has told me that though I do not now know why he lays the cross upon me, yet I shall know hereafter? And what sort of a world would this be I should like to know, if they only sang who had never known how to sigh? Few heavy hearts are ever helped by sighs and groans; but many a burdened one has been lightened by a song, you know."

And Mrs. Northway smiled and told Jane to sing on, and she sang. This morning she had a new song. At least Harry had never heard it before, and it was not only new, but very disagreeable to his ear.

Jane was dusting the furniture in his mamma's bedroom. Harry was in his own room, which adjoined his mother's. The door between the rooms stood open. Harry had long wished for a set of volumes that cost more money than his father felt able to spare. His father, however, had promised to give Harry two-thirds of the sum if Harry would himself earn the other third. There was not indeed much opportunity for the boy to earn money, for he had music lessons out of school hours, and there was only an hour here and there to be gleaned from lessons and practice and play, and it is no great wonder that Harry became almost discouraged when at the end of three months he found that he had only earned one half of the sum needed. He was thinking over the matter as he stood at his drawer counting again and again the coins that lay in his private box, and which he was saving for the purpose of buying his much-wished-for volumes.

"How tedious!" he exclaimed. "And just as likely as not I will not have made up the full amount in another three months. It is too discouraging."

He opened a compartment of the box and took from within a pocket-book in which he kept the funds of the Social and Literary Society whose treasurer he was.

"This won't be needed for three months," he said, as he fingered the bank notes in the pocket-book. "I can replace them before there will be any call for money. I believe I will—"

> 'I'll try to prove faithful,
> I'll try to prove faithful,
> I'll try to prove faithful,
> Faithful, faithful, faithful,
> Till we shall meet above."

The words came soaring on the wings of a wild, weird, old-time tune from the lips of Mrs. Jane, as she dusted the chairs in his mother's room. Harry started as if a pistol had gone off in the room. His face flushed hotly, and he exclaimed angrily, though in low voice,

"I wish that woman could ever keep her senseless singing to herself. What a plagued nuisance it is."

Then he laid down the bank notes and returned to his coins. There were only just so many of them. No possible change of position could make any more. And there were only just half enough.

"Christmas comes between this time and the date of our next business meeting. Very likely some one will make me a Christmas present of some money," mused Harry. "Then I could tell papa that I would prefer the price of the gift he always makes me on my birthday, which comes a month before this money will be needed. Yes, I think I can quite safely borrow this. I can replace it long before the time will be out. And, besides, it might as well be doing some good as lying idle here. I will be responsible for it all the same. Yes, I'll—"

> "I'll try to prove faithful,"

sounded again in his ears. And this time there seemed to be such a warning emphasis on the 'faithful,' Harry dropped the bank notes as if they scorched his fingers.

"Is she singing that at me?" he said wonderingly. "Does she know?"

> "Faithful, faithful, faithful,
> Till we shall meet above,"

came the quavering, warning tones. Harry's eyes fell. He turned away from the open drawer and sat down upon the bedside. He tried to whistle, but the tune refused to take any turn save the wild, peculiar cadence of Mrs. Jane's refrain.

"Confound it," again angrily exclaimed Harry, "I wish Mrs. Jane was in Halifax."

Then he rose and returned coins and notes to their places, locked the box and closed the drawer, and gathering up his books, without a word either of request for help, or of pleasant chat, such as he sometimes gave the faithful servant, he hurried by Mrs. Jane, out of the house and away to school.

But he could not get away from her song. The words kept ringing in his ears all day. "I'll try to prove faithful."

"Why did they disturb him so?" Harry could hardly answer the question. And yet he was conscious that they did disturb him. By-and-by, conscience spoke, and Harry listened. It had spoken before, only he would not listen, but kept drowning its voice with his own excusing pleas. And this is what the voice of conscience said:

"The money of the Society is not your money. It is intrusted to your care for safe keeping. You cannot divert it to your own uses without risking its loss. If it is in danger of being lost, then it is not safe in your hands. If you lose it through wilful abuse of your trust you are not worthy of the trust."

And all at once Harry comprehended why it was good Mrs. Jane's song had so troubled him.

"I believe God made her sing it," he said to himself. And then he sang it out boldly and bravely himself—

> "I'll try to prove faithful,
> Till we all shall meet above."

—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

THE CATERPILLAR AND THE LARK.

"'News,' news, glorious news, friend Caterpillar!' sang the Lark; 'but the worst of it is, you won't believe me!'—'I believe everything I am told,' observed the Caterpillar, hastily. 'Well, then, first of all, I will tell you what these little creatures are to eat,"—and the Lark nodded his beak toward the eggs. 'What do you think it is to be? Guess!'—'Dew, and the honey out of flowers, I am afraid,' sighed the Caterpillar. —'No such thing, oh! lady! Something simpler than that.'—'Something that you can get at quite easily.'—'I can get at nothing quite easily but cabbage-leaves,' murmured the Caterpillar, in distress.—'Excellent! my good friend,' cried the Lark, exultingly; 'you have found it out. You are to feed them with cabbage-leaves.'—'Never!' said the Caterpillar, indignantly. 'It was their dying mother's last request that I should do no such thing.'—'Their dying mother knew nothing about the matter,' persisted the Lark; 'but why do you ask me, and then disbelieve what I say? You have neither faith nor trust.'—'Oh, I believe everything I am told,' said the Caterpillar.—'Nay, but you do not,' replied the Lark; 'you won't

believe me even about the food, and yet that is but a beginning of what I have to tell you.'—'Why, Caterpillar, what do you think those little eggs will turn out to be?'—'Butterflies, to be sure,' said the Caterpillar. 'Caterpillars!' sang the Lark, 'and you'll find it out in time;' and the Lark flew away, for he did not want to stay and contest the point with his friend.—'I thought the Lark had been wise and kind,' observed the mild green Caterpillar, once more beginning to walk round the eggs, 'but I find that he is foolish and saucy instead. Perhaps he went up too high this time. Ah, it's a pity when people who soar so high are silly and rude, nevertheless! Dear! I still wonder whom he sees, and what he does up yonder.'—'I would tell you, if you would believe me,' sang the Lark, descending once more.—'I believe everything I am told,' reiterated the Caterpillar, with as grave a face as if it were a fact.—'Then I'll tell you something else,' cried the Lark; 'for the best of my news remains behind. You will one day be a Butterfly yourself.'—'Wretched bird!' exclaimed the Caterpillar, 'you jest with my inferiority—now you are cruel, as well as foolish. Go away! I will ask your advice no more.'—'I told you you would not believe me,' cried the Lark, nettled in his turn.—'I believe everything that I am told,' persisted the Caterpillar: 'that is'—and she hesitated—'everything that it is reasonable to believe. But to tell me that butterflies' eggs are caterpillars, and that caterpillars leave off crawling and get wings, and become butterflies!——Lark! you are too wise to believe such nonsense yourself, for you know it is impossible.'—'I know no such thing!' said the Lark, warmly. 'Whether I hover over the corn-fields of earth, or go up into the depths of the sky, I see so many wonderful things, I know no reason why there should not be more. Oh, Caterpillar! it is because you crawl, because you never get beyond your cabbage-leaf, that you call any thing impossible.'—'Nonsense!' shouted the Caterpillar, 'I know what's possible, and what's not possible, according to my experience and capacity, as well as you do. Look at my long, green body, and these endless legs, and then talk to me about having wings and a painted feathery coat! Fool!——'—'And fool you! you would-be wise Caterpillar!' cried the indignant Lark. 'Fool, to attempt to reason about what you cannot understand! Do you not hear how my song swells with rejoicing as I soar upward to the mysterious swonder-world above? Oh, Caterpillar! what comes to you from thence, receive as I do, upon trust.'—'That is what you call——'—'Faith,' interrupted the Lark.—'How am I to learn Faith?' asked the Caterpillar—— At that moment she felt something at her side. She looked round—eight or ten little green caterpillars were moving about, and had already made a show of a hole in the cabbage-leaf. They had broken from the Butterfly's eggs! Shame and amazement filled our green friend's heart, but joy soon followed; for, as the first wonder was possible, the second might be so too. 'Teach me your lesson, Lark!' she would say; and the Lark sang to her of the wonders of the earth below, and of the heaven above. And the Caterpillar talked all the rest of her life to her relations of the time when she should be a Butterfly."—*Parables from Nature, Mrs. Gatty.*

A BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

A Scotchman—a dear, but now departed, friend of the writer of this paper—used to tell how he early, when a very little child, lost his father. His mother had tenderly loved her husband. She was distracted; she was desolate. All day long, and for many days, she lay as one stunned; she could not brook the loss; she could not live for her child. One night she dreamed she was in a deep forest alone; she could not see the path, nor know the way, but she knew she was in a forest. Suddenly a shining one stood before her. He was clad in white, but he was radiant, and he illuminated the forest. He revealed the path; he revealed himself. He held in his hand a golden wand, and with it he touched the left eye of the mourning widow, and she saw no longer the forest; all was lit up with heaven, with brightness, and there in the distance, beyond a doubt, was her husband, and he knew her, recognized her, and gave her his well-known smile. The stranger still stood by her side.

"Oh," she said, "touch the other eye!" She was all impatience. What might not that touch do?—bring her to him; bring him to her?

"Better not," said the white-robed shining one, "better not."

But she still said, "Do, do! oh do!" Her heart was impatient.

"Well," he said, and he touched the other eye, and instantly all faded, the husband, the heaven, the stranger, and she woke to her lonely pillow.

The reader may rely on this as a veritable dream, perhaps he will say a foolish dream, but on the strength of it she arose and went forth to life and duty. The dream became cheerfulness, solace, and hope to her heart; her boy, in due time, took his degree in Edinburgh, became a minister, and was just one of the most beautiful spirits it has been the writer's privilege to know.—*Leisure Hour.*

IT WOULD HURT ME THE MOST.

"Would you like to buy some berries?" said a bright, cheerful voice at the back door.

"How many have you?"

"Two quarts."

"Are you sure there are so many?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The lady hesitated. It really looked to her like quite a small measure.

"I wouldn't cheat, ma'am," said the same clear voice; "it would hurt me the most if I did. But you can measure them."

They were all right; and the lady bought them, the girl going on her way in the glad possession of her hardly-earned money, and in the possession of a truth that it would be well for us all to learn—that, when in any way we cheat or rob others, we injure ourselves the most.

"I can't see why," said little black-eyed Frank at my side.

"Because, my boy, by cheating others, we only deprive them of some of their earthly treasure, which, at the longest, they can keep but a little time; but as for ourselves, we injure our souls, which are to live forever."—*Zion's Herald.*

DON'T LET THE FIRE GO OUT.

My husband was absent for a week. I remained, with my two little children and a lady teacher—who is boarding with us and attending the public school—to look after matters at home. Lucy Parkinson, a little girl of eleven years, often comes to play with the children, or remain, in my absence, with the teacher. Neither the teacher nor little girl were professors of religion, although Lucy is regular in attendance upon the regular weekly prayer-meeting. For three mornings I conducted family worship. On the fourth I was absent visiting friends in the country; but at the appointed time I could remember husband and children in prayer. Upon my return I was gratified to learn, incidentally, that after breakfast the teacher and little girl repaired to the sitting-room, read a passage of Scripture together, and then kneeling, the little girl addressed the throne of divine grace. Both are now, I believe, indulging a hope in Christ. Had I neglected the family altar in husband's absence, such a thing, doubtless, would not have taken place in our humble home. Parents, do not let the fire go out on the altar. The joy that I feel over this incident is more than a reward for all my painstaking and cross-bearing.—*Ida Fletcher, in Herald and Presbyter.*

THE UNGRATEFUL SHEEP.

A farmer, whose high character gave him great influence in his elevated hamlet, lost his children, one after another; at last he lost a little child who had taken great hold on the father's affections; the father's grief was intemperate and quite unbounded. The death took place in the spring, when, although the sheep were abroad in the more inhabited Lowlands, they had to be preserved from the blasts of that high and stormy region in the cote. In a dismal, snowy evening, the man, unable to stifle his anguish, went out lamenting aloud; he went to the door of his sheep-cote to take a lamb he needed, and he found a stranger at the door. He was astonished to find, in such a night, any person in so unfrequented a place. He was plainly attired, but with a countenance singularly expressive of mildness and beneficence. The stranger, very singularly, asked the farmer what he did there amidst the tempest of such a night. The man was filled with awe, which he could not account for, but said he came there for a lamb.

"What kind of lamb do you mean to take?" said the stranger.

"The very best I can find," answered the farmer; "but come into the house and share our evening meal."

"Do your sheep make any resistance when you take away the lamb, or any disturbance afterward?"

"Never," said the farmer.

"How differently am I treated," said the traveller; "when I come to visit my sheepfold, I take, as I am well entitled to take, the best lamb to myself, and my ears are filled with the clamor of discontent by those ungrateful sheep whom I have fed and watched and protected."

Perhaps the reader may, in some form, have met this story before, but we give it as it has come down from the mountains, ages since.—*Leisure Hour.*

SILENT INFLUENCE.

"I have no influence," said Elsie Lee to her friend, Miss Tomasin. "Why, I am so timid when in company with others that I hardly dare raise my eyes, or open my lips."

"That may be," replied the older lady, "and yet you are always exerting influence wherever you go. You cannot help yourself. An hour ago I bought a little bunch of violets from a German flower girl, and I set them on yonder shelf, beside my dear mother's picture. It is a very tiny bunch, and a person entering the room would very likely not see them, for they do not challenge attention. But every nook and corner of the apartment feels their presence, for their fragrance is pervading the atmosphere. So it is with you, my dear. You love your Saviour, and you try to serve Him. You think you cannot speak for Him, but if you live for Him, and with Him, in gentleness, patience, and self-denial, that is better than talking. It does more good. The other evening Jerry Halcomb, who is thoughtless and giddy, made a jest of a verse of Scripture in your hearing. You wished to protest against his act, and tried to do so, but the words would not come. Yet your pained look, your quick blush, your instinctive indignant gesture, spoke for you, and the young man turned and said, 'beg your pardon, Miss Elsie.' Was not this a proof that he saw and felt your condemnation?"

Silent influence is stronger that we sometimes think for good and for evil. Let us not underestimate it.—*Zion's Herald.*

THE SECRET.—"I noticed," said Dr. Franklin, "a mechanic among a number of others, at work on a house erecting but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, who had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the cause of his constant flow of spirits. 'No secret, doctor,' he replied. 'I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss; and then to insure to be ready, and she has done so many little things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody.'"—*The Christian.*

"MY MOTHER IS HERE."—A little boy was away from his city home, spending a few weeks in the country. On being asked one day by the minister if he was not homesick, his prompt reply was, "No, sir; my mother is here." His best earthly friend was with him, and he was contented and happy. And so is it with the child of God. In this world he is away from his heavenly home. There his best friends and kindred dwell. There are his treasures; there his possessions lie. And yet, though he often turns a wishful eye homeward and heavenward, he is not homesick, because his Father, his best friend, is ever nigh. He has a refuge in him; a very present help in all his troubles and trials. He draws near to him day by day, and finds it good so to do. In childlike confidence he casts all his cares and burdens upon him, and is at peace.—*American Messenger.*

THE MAN WHO allows a doubt to come between him and his honesty has taken the first step toward evil.

Question Corner.—No. 14.

ANSWERS to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

157. How old was Moses when he demanded of Pharaoh that the children of Israel should go?
158. Where in the Bible are we told that Moses was forty years in the land of Midian?
159. How many years did God provide manna for the children of Israel in the wilderness?
160. How many years was Israel governed by judges?
161. How long was Saul of Tarsus blind when converted?
162. How did God manifest his presence at the dedication of Solomon's temple?
163. How were the children of Israel guided in their forty years' wanderings in the wilderness?
164. What two miracles were wrought upon the sun?
165. Where do we find an account of an army being sent to take one man?
166. What was Saul's first victory?
167. Mention a dinner in which the shoulder was given as a mark of highest respect —to whom was it given?
168. Where was it said and of whom, "they have turned the world upside down"?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. In every house my *first* was found,
   And rolled and rumbled round and round;
   And this was woman's work, 'tis said,
   To fill each mouth with daily bread.
   But now they press the running stream
   Such work to do, or haply steam;
   So changed its form, and yet its name
   Still to this day remains the same.

2. My *next* once propped a pilgrim's head;
   Once laid a threatening giant dead;
   Once showed God's help, and power to save;
   Once a new name to Peter gave.
   Type of His strength who guards the humble,
   But makes the disobedient stumble.

3. Part of my *first* will make my *whole*,
   True picture of a callous soul!
   The paradox may make you stare;
   But of your own hard heart beware!
   'Tis a man's life, the Law alleged,
   And hence forbade it to be pledged.
   A prophet once my *whole* beheld—
   By a strong angel's hand propelled—
   Into the deep with fury hurled,
   To show the judgment of the world,
   When Satan's kingdom shall be o'er,
   And Babylon be found no more!

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 12.

133. Balak sent for Balaam to curse the Israelites, Num. xxii. 4, 5.
134. And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, &c., Gen. iii. 15.
135. The face of God, because Jacob saw God there, Gen. xxxii. 30.
136. In Gaza, Judges, xvi. 21, 30.
137. Between the time of Samson and Eli, Judges xxi. 25.
138. In Cana of Galilee, John ii. 2.
139. Joab, 1 Chron. xxvii. 34.
140. In the reign of David, 1 Chron. xi. 5, 7.
141. He was slain by Benaiah by order of Solomon, 1 Kings ii. 29, 34.
142. In the reign of Rehoboam, 1 Kings xii. 16.
143. From the Midianites, Judges vii. 1.
144. To the tribe of Judah, 1 Sam. xvi. 1.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

HAMAN.—Esther vi. 11.

H-adassa-*h*—Esther ii. 7.
A-s-*a*—2 Chron. xiv. 9.15.
M-iria-*m*—Num. xii.
A-mas-*a*—2 Sam. xx. 10.
N-aama-*n*—2 Kings v.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 12.—William C. Wickham, 9.
To No. 11.—Jacob W. Pike, 9 sc; Cora May McIntire, 10; Bella Francis, 11 sc; Charles Redmond, 9; Fanny P. Cooke, 1; Julia Smith, 10; Louisa J. Wensley, 8; Maggie Sutherland, 11 sc.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the Westminster Question Book for 1880.)

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSON IV.

JULY 25.]

THE COVENANT WITH NOAH.

Gen. 9: 8-19.

[B. C. 2348-7.]

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 12-15.

8. And God spake unto Noah, and to his sons with him, saying,

9. And I, behold, I establish my covenant with you, and with your seed after you.

10. And with every living creature that is with you, of the fowl, of the cattle, and of every beast of the earth with you; from all that go out of the ark, to every beast of the earth.

11. And I will establish my covenant with you; neither shall all flesh be cut off any more by the waters of a flood; neither shall there any more be a flood to destroy the earth.

12. And God said, This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you, and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations:

13. I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth.

14. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud:

15. And I will remember my covenant, which is between me and you and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh.

16. And the bow shall be in the cloud; and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth.

17. And God said unto Noah, This is the token of the covenant, which I have established between me and all flesh that is upon the earth.

18. And the sons of Noah that went forth of the ark, were Shem, and Ham, and Japheth: and Ham is the father of Canaan.

19. These are the sons of Noah: and of them was the whole earth overspread.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth."—Gen 9: 13.

HELPS TO STUDY.

INTERMEDIATE.—Genealogy from Seth to Noah. 5: 1-32. Wickedness prevalent. 6: 1-8. Line of Noah. 6: 9, 10. Flood threatened. 6: 11-13. Noah directed to build an ark. 6: 14-22. The flood; the ark, 7: 1-24. Subsiding of the flood. 8: 1-14. Departure from the ark. 8: 15-19. Noah's sacrifice. 8: 20-22. God's blessing upon Noah. 9: 1-7. In Seth, the third son of Adam, Abel's place is supplied, and from him we trace a pious ancestry to Noah. The world had become so full of wickedness that God, in order to preserve a people to serve him, sends a deluge and destroys all but eight persons—Noah and his wife, his three sons and their wives. Noah erects an altar to God, and with its sacrificial offerings we have again the Church on earth, a people serving God.

V. 3. NOAH—the tenth in descent in the line of Seth, the son of Lamech and the grandson of Methusaleh. HIS SONS—ch. 5: 32.

V. 9. COVENANT—an agreement between two parties: where one of the parties is manifestly superior to the other, as in a covenant between God and man, a covenant assumes the nature of a promise.

V. 10. EVERY LIVING CREATURE, etc.—this covenant extends to the animals who went out of the ark with Noah, and through them to every beast of the earth after them.

V. 11. ALL FLESH.... THE EARTH—the flood was sent to destroy not only all flesh outside of the ark, but the earth also; the penalty reaches to both: as he had included the inferior creatures in the curse, so he now includes them in the blessing.

V. 12. THIS IS THE TOKEN—God gives a sign of his fidelity to his word.

V. 13. I DO SET—give, appoint. MY BOW—God calls it his bow; it is his sign or token. TOKEN OF THE COVENANT—a sign that there would never be a second deluge.

V. 14. HOW SHALL BE SEEN—what the eye sees helps to confirm the faith in the heart.

V. 15. I WILL REMEMBER—we look and remember; he sees the sign, and knows what it reminds us of.

V. 16. THE BOW SHALL BE IN THE CLOUD—it is not said that this was the first appearance of a rainbow, but that it is now made the sign of a covenant on the part of God with man. THAT I MAY REMEMBER—whenever he stretches out his arch over the clouds, he is mindful of his covenant.

LESSON PLAN.

1. THE COVENANT PROMISE. 2. THE COVENANT TOKEN.

TEACHINGS.

THE COVENANT—The goodness of a covenant-making God.... The faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God.... Our duty to covenant to serve God and to keep that covenant. THE TOKEN—By this God wishes to drive away our fears.... The thicker the cloud, the brighter the bow; so the more afflictions, the more encouragements.... As we look upon this token we are to be reminded of the covenant with faith and thankfulness.... It is the symbol of grace returning after wrath.... It is the symbol of the Sun of Righteousness, reflected in his glorious attributes, upon the face of every dark and threatening dispensation toward his Church.

LESSON V.

AUG 1.]

THE CALL OF ABRAM.

Gen. 11: 31, 32; 12: 1-10.

[B. C. 1921.]

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 1-3.

31. And Terah took Abram his son, and Lot the son of Haran his son's son, and Sarai his daughter in law, his son Abram's wife; and they went forth with them from Ur of the Chaldees, to go into the land of Canaan; and they came unto Haran, and dwelt there.

32. And the days of Terah were two hundred and five years: and Terah died in Haran.

1. Now the Lord had said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee:

2. And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing:

3. And I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee: and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed.

4. So Abram departed as the Lord had spoken unto him; and Lot went with him: and Abram was seventy and five years old when he departed out of Haran.

5. And Abram took Sarai his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered, and the souls that they had got-ten in Haran; and they went forth to go into the land of Canaan, and into the land of Canaan they came.

6. And Abram passed through the land unto the place of Sichem, unto the plain of Moreh. And the Canaanite was then in the land.

7. And the Lord appeared unto Abram, and said, Unto thy seed will I give this land: and there builded he an altar unto the Lord, who appeared unto him.

8. And he removed from thence unto a mountain on the east of Bethel, and pitched his tent, having Bethel on the west, and Hai on the east: and there he builded an altar unto the Lord, and called upon the name of the Lord.

9. And Abram journeyed, going on still toward the south.

10. And there was a famine in the land: and Abram went down into Egypt to sojourn there; for the famine was grievous in the land.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"In thee shall all families of the earth be blessed."—Gen. 12: 3.

INTRODUCTORY.

The world had again become exceedingly corrupt. To counteract the prevailing wickedness, God determined to select a man, and through him a nation, to be his witness upon the earth—to withdraw this nation from contact with the surrounding world, and, out of it so to train, in the fulness of time (Gal. 4: 4), the promised Saviour. The man selected to be the father of a people, to exert so powerful an influence on the salvation of the world, was Abram, whose call to this great honor is the subject of this lesson.

HELPS TO STUDY.

V. 31. TERAH—a descendant of Shem. (See Gen. 11: 11-25.) ABRAM HIS SON—from whom Terah was 129 years old. LOT—Haran's son and Abram's nephew. SARAI—half-sister to Abram (ch. 20: 12), and also his wife. Ur—probably the city called also Ur, the classic Edessa, on the Euphrates, about 25 miles north of Haran, in Upper Mesopotamia. CHALDEES—inhabitants of the region bounded on the east by the Tigris and extending westward across the Euphrates to Arabia, and from the Persian gulf northward to the 34th degree of latitude, 400 miles in length, with an average breadth of 100 miles. CANAAN—the country west of the Jordan and limited after conquest by Mount Han. HARAN—Acts 7: 4 says Terah ran. It is called the city of Nahor. (Gen. 24: 10; 27: 43. It was in north-western Mesopotamia, about two days' journey south-east from Ur. (ch. 11: 31. THE LORD HAD SAID—This refers to a second call to leave Haran, and not the one to leave Ur, of which Stephen speaks. Acts 7: 2, 3. COUNTRY, KINDRED FATHER'S HOUSE—three ties to be severed—country, kindred and home; he was to go from a land into a land of promise, a land that God would show him.

V. 2. A GREAT NATION—Abram was now childless, and 75 years old. I WILL BLESS THEE—benediction always brings good. THY NAME GREAT—as the father of a renowned people.

V. 3. BLESS THEM THAT BLESS THEE—God will share his friendships and treat his enemies as his own. IN THEE—by the benefit of redemption coming from the seed of Abraham.

V. 4. ABRAM DEPARTED—influenced by faith. Heb. 11: 8-10. LOT WENT WITH HIM—probably, as Abram was childless, he intended Lot to be his heir.

V. 5. SUBSTANCE—brought from Ur, and acquired at Haran.

V. 6. SICHEM—Sechem; called Sychar in the New Testament. The present town of Nablous; a town of Samaria, between Gerizim and Ebal, 34 miles north of Jerusalem and 7 south of Samaria. MOREH (Sichem)—the name of an oak or grove of oaks near Sechem. CANAANITE WAS IN THE LAND—another reason for the exercise of faith; these heathen possessors of the land would dispute his claim.

V. 7. UNTO THY SEED—this promise was to be fulfilled in Abram's posterity, and not to him in person—another trial of his faith. BUILD AN ALTAR—in token of his faith and gratitude.

V. 8. BETHEL OF BETHEL ("house of God")—about 12 miles north of Jerusalem; now a mass of ruins known by the name of Beitin. HAI—an elevated place not far from Bethel. THERE HE BUILT AN ALTAR—made open profession of his religion, established the worship of the true God, and declared his faith in the promises.

V. 9. TOWARD THE SOUTH—the southern part of Canaan, toward the wilderness, a rich pasture-ground.

V. 10. FAMINE—another trial of his faith. WENT DOWN INTO EGYPT—Egypt, being annually watered by the overflow of the Nile, was then a grain-growing region. TO SOJOURN THERE—while the famine continued.

LESSON PLAN.

1. THE CALL OF ABRAM. 2. HIS OBEDIENCE.

TEACHINGS.

God's followers must obey his commands and trust his promises.... They must separate themselves from the world and its wickedness.... Wherever they go, they must carry their religion with them.... They must never be ashamed of their God, or neglect his worship.... Where they pitch their tent they should erect his altar.... He will ever lead them by the right way.... In Christ the blessing of Abram has come upon all nations.

SOLDIER ANTS.

In the proceedings of the Linnean Society for 1861 is a communication from a Mrs. Hutton, of Sydney (I quote now from manuscript of the late Mr. F. Smith, which he most generously placed at my disposal), in which are details of a most remarkable character attributed to an ant, there called the Soldier Ant. The communication is in substance as follows:

"One day a little boy of mine, about four years old, being tired of play, threw himself down on a grassy mound to rest. Shortly after I was startled by a sudden scream. My instant thought was that some serpent had stung him. I flew in horror to the child, but was at once re-assured on seeing him covered with Soldier Ants, on whose nest he had laid himself down. Numbers of the ants were still clinging to him with their forceps, and continued to sting the boy. My maid at once assisted me in killing them. At length, about twenty were thrown dead on the ground. We then carried the boy indoors. In about half-an-hour afterward I returned to the same spot, when I saw a large number of ants surrounding the dead ones. I determined to watch their proceedings closely. I followed four or five that started off from the rest toward a hillock a short distance off, in which was an ants' nest. This they entered, and in about five minutes they re-appeared, followed by others. All fell into rank, walking regularly and slowly two by two, until they arrived at the spot where lay the dead bodies of the Soldier Ants. In a few minutes two of the ants advanced and took up the dead body of one of their comrades; then two others, and so on, until all were ready to march. First walked two ants bearing a body, then two without a burden; then two others with another dead ant, and so on, until the line was extended to about forty pairs, and the procession now moved slowly onward followed by an irregular body of about 200 ants. Occasionally the two laden ants stopped, and laying down the dead ant, it was taken up by the two walking unburdened behind them, and thus, by occasionally relieving each other, they arrived at a sandy spot near the sea. Here the body of ants now commenced digging with their jaws a number of holes in the ground, into each of which a dead ant was laid, where they now labored on until they had filled up the ants' graves. This did not quite finish the remarkable circumstances attending this funeral of the ants. Some six or seven of the ants had attempted to run off without performing their share of the task of digging; these were caught and brought back, when they were at once attacked by the body of ants and killed upon the spot. A single grave was quickly dug, and they were all dropped into it." Now, says Mr. Smith, allowing something for the lady's imagination, there can be no doubt of the fact of ants having buried ants. The lady is well known to connections of the members of the Linnean Society, and we may feel assured that unless perfect confidence was felt in the party communicating this wonderful account, the paper would not have been read before the Linnean Society. I do not find it difficult to credit this extraordinary narrative after what I myself have witnessed.—*Leisure Hour.*

A THRILLING ESCAPE.

An overhanging rock just below Kanawha Falls was the scene of a remarkable adventure, which the Louisville *Courier-Journal* describes as follows:

The Indians were in hot pursuit of Van Bibber, a settler and man of distinction in those early times. He was hard pressed, and all access to the river below and above being cut off he was driven to this jutting rock, which proved to be the jumping-off place for him.

He stood on the rock, in full view of the enemy above and below, who yelled like demons at the certainty of his speedy capture.

He stood up boldly, and with his rifle kept them at bay. As he stood there he looked across the river—saw his friends—his wife with her babe in her arms, all helpless to render assistance. They stood as if petrified with terror and amazement.

She cried at the top of her voice, "Leap into the river and meet me!"

Laying her babe on the grass, she seized the oars and sprang into the skiff alone.

As she neared the middle of the river, her husband saw the Indians coming in full force and yelling like demons.

"Wife, wife," he screamed, "I'm coming; drop down a little lower."

With this he sprang from his crag and descended like an arrow into the water, feet foremost.

The wife rested on her oars a moment to see him rise to the surface, the little canoe floating like a cork, bobbing about on the boiling flood.

It was an awful moment; it seemed an age to her. Would he ever rise?

Her earnest gaze seemed to penetrate the depths of the water, and she darted her boat farther down the stream.

He rose near her; in a moment the canoe was alongside of him, and she helped him to scramble into it amid a shower of arrows and shot that the baffled Indians poured into them.

The daring wife did not speak a word, her husband was more dead than alive, and all depended on her strength being maintained until they could reach the bank.

This they did, just where she had started, right where the babe was still lying, crowing and laughing.

The men pulled the skiff high up on the sand, and the wife slowly arose and helped to lift Van Bibber to his feet.

He could not walk, but she laid him down by his babe, and then seating herself, she wept wildly just as any other woman would have done under the circumstances.

That babe is now a grandfather, and that rock is called "Van Bibber's Rock" to this day.—*Youth's Companion.*

TOO MUCH MEDICINE.

Infancy has many perils; but the greatest of its dangers is the ubiquitous medicine-bottle. How many nurses—how many loving mothers, even—resort to soothing syrups and other similar preparations to stop the babies' crying! unconscious of the fact that to stupefy a crying child with narcotics is about as sensible as to ply a hungry man with brandy. And when little Tommy progresses in months, and his coming teeth begin to torture him, or that Herod of diseases, summer complaint, lays its hand upon him, how quick the rush for drugs, how frantic the desire that some overt act of medicine should be done for his relief! It's very natural; but, oh! it's very pitiable.

Whatever can be assimilated by the system is food. Everything else is poison. In the great majority of infantile diseases, and notably in summer complaint, the trouble is that the little sufferer is unable to digest its food; and food which cannot be digested is poison. What should be the remedy? Surely not to administer more poison in the shape of drugs, but to change the diet for something which can be assimilated, as a mixture of milk and lime-water, or some similar simple preparation.

Mothers, when your babies fall sick in summer, if you can get the advice of a physician whom you know and trust, take it; but if you can't, then keep the doctors away, and trust in careful nursing, change of air, and close attention to diet.—*Ehrich's Fashion Quarterly.*

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